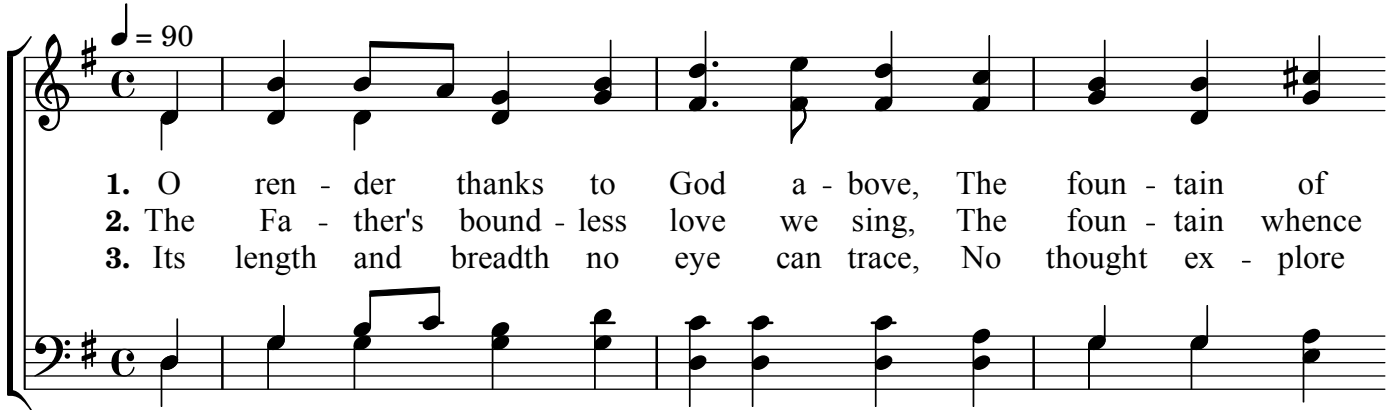


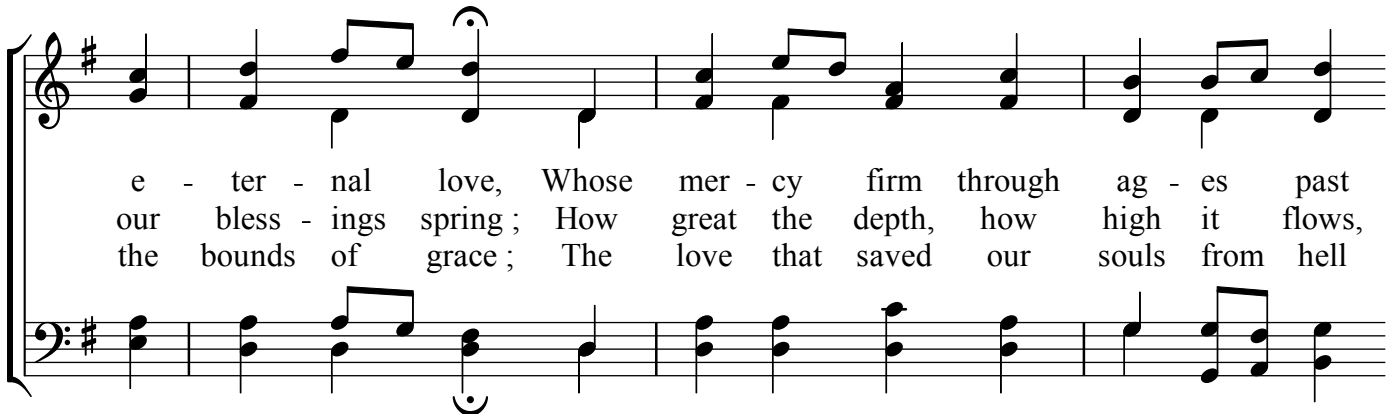
O render thanks to God above

(LIVING SPRINGS. L.M.)

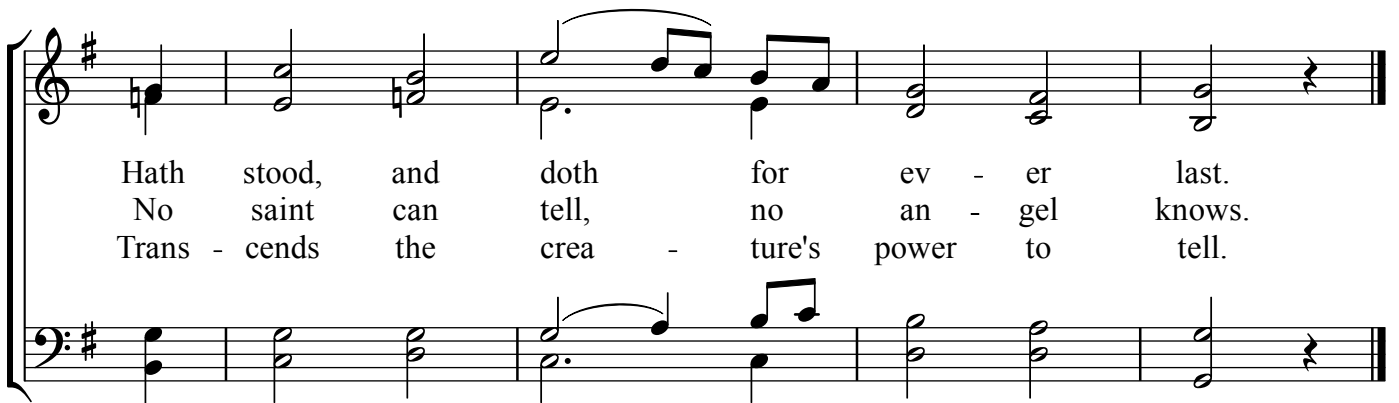
$\text{♩} = 90$



1. O ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The foun - tain of
 2. The Fa - ther's bound - less love we sing, The foun - tain whence
 3. Its length and breadth no eye can trace, No thought ex - plore



e - ter - nal love, Whose mer - cy firm through ag - es past
 our bless - ings spring ; How great the depth, how high it flows,
 the bounds of grace ; The love that saved our souls from hell



Hath stood, and doth for ev - er last.
 No saint can tell, no an - gel knows.
 Trans - cends the crea - ture's power to tell.

Old Hundredth, 368 ; Duke Street, 87.